

# EDITORIALS

## Protect Industrial Land

A move by the city's Planning Commission to limit M-1 (light manufacturing) lot sizes to 10,000 square feet deserves more than passing interest on the part of those Torrance residents and officials charged with the stable development of this community.

Under the present land use laws of the city, an M-1 zone can be used for any purpose allowed in any less restricted zone. This means that any use allowed in any or all residential and commercial zones is premissable for an M-1 zone. As long as this situation exists, the city's light manufacturing zones could be subdivided at any time, thereby depriving Torrance of area now designated for industry.

The Planning Commission's move to put stricter limitations on use of the light manufacturing zone will protect one of the city's vital resources—industrial land. The move has the backing of the Torrance Tax Industries Committee, and should receive the support of the City Council when it comes before that body in the near future.

## What's In A Name?

Shakespeare once wrote that "The rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Was he referring to himself?

The long controversy over the actual authorship of the mighty literary works attributed to Shakespeare has been enlivened recently by the publication of a book, the theme of which is that Marlowe, not Shakespeare wrote the classics; and that a spectacularly ingenious and complicated fake murder of Marlowe was perpetrated in order to carry out the deception.

But somehow we like best the suggestion of Carlo Villa, an Italian scholar. Villa believes that the Bard was in actuality the Italian writer and poet Michelangelo Florio, Florio was a religious refugee, as his parents had been, and when he finally found haven in England adopted the angelized version of his mother's maiden name, Crollanzza, which literally meant, "shake the spear."

Next. But consider still further. Doesn't "Florio" have the same root as "flower"? Flower... rose... any other name...?

## Air Apparent

If a "pneumatic brick" invented by an Air Force major and a college professor proves all it's cracked up to be, a good many cities and towns over the nation may soon join some California communities in boasting that they are "air conditioned."

The brick actually is a plastic pillow or bag. Its inventors believe that when filled with air these bricks can be linked together to form self-supporting domes of almost any dimension—large enough to cover baseball parks, racetracks, even cities.

This is truly a magnificent dream. So American. And so economical. What community isn't already well supplied with wind bags, pre-filled with hot air?

## The Freelancer

By TOM KISCHE, Herald Staff Writer

Since everybody who is anybody seems to be going to Disneyland these days, I, not to be outdone, decided last week that I, too, must see the delights of Walt Disney's \$17,000,000 plaything.

With a bag of gold in one hand and my lady love in the other, I trooped through Main Street, Adventureland, Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, and Frontiersland. There's 360 acres of the place, so it isn't a good idea to wear new shoes, as I did, nor high heels, as the girl friend did.

But despite our aching feet and my aching pocketbook, we had a real bang-up time. The atmosphere seems to knock a few or a lot of years off everybody's age. Peppercorn his miniature car through the mazes of a Tomorrowland highway, while Mom and Auntie and Grannie stand patiently in long lines to make a trip through Peter Pan's domain.

Old ladies who under other circumstances would probably be sporting a loggnetto, don the latest in Frontiersland fashions—a sporty screw-shaped like a broom and topped with an outlandish flower.

Doggie-eyed kids could hardly contain themselves as they peered at all the wonders of the place. It was a lucky parent who could drag his offspring out without a Disneyland hat or a gadget which fits over the head to make it appear that a knife is sticking through the center of head.

Main Street features shops bulging with all sorts of eye-enticing goods and foods. All are designed in an architectural style which takes you back to the "good old days" of William McKinley. Best of all the lands we thought, was Adventureland, where we waited in line to take a ride on a river boat through exotic jungles, where rubbery lions roared, rhinos waded in the river, giraffes earned their slimy necks and cannibals waved their spears in a really impressive display. It is much better than the steamboat ride in Frontiersland, which, though nice,

doesn't offer much scenery except some warehouse buildings. Frontiersland has the longest soft drink bar in the world, featuring the usual high-stepping floor show. There's no genuine bar or liquor store in sight, though.

Tomorrowland offers all kinds of views of things to come, complete with trips to the moon and the stars, as well as a futuristic road system where kids from 16 to 100 drive along in their little autos. Lots of the exhibits there aren't finished yet and will probably make the show even better when they are done.

Fantasyland is designed for kids and features all kinds of rides from a girl churning merry-go-round to a trip through Snow White's domain. Somehow, though, Cinderella's castle wasn't as impressive as I thought it would be.

An authentic old-time train offers a ride around the whole park, complete with smoke-belching engine and old-fashioned railroad station. The detail on many of the exhibits is amazing, down to the last quill on the peaks of the shops. Disneyland shows the same attention to detail that makes Disney movies so enjoyable.

The place cost Disney some \$17,000,000 to \$20,000,000, and the way people are flocking in, it looks as if he won't make a good share of it back this year. Admission costs \$1 and everything else you get inside, except a drink of water, costs more money.

Acting on a tip, we went on a week day evening and found the crowd very moderate, although thousands of cars were headed back up the freeway from day-time visits. The Disneyland signs along the road are so small that they were almost lost among the signs advertising "Hogwash Mutton—No Down Payment" and "Use Greit, Toothpaste." But when we found the place, it took me back to the days when I used to fight with the kid next door over who would be Mickey Mouse and who would play Pluto.

## Shape Of Things To Come



## OF ALL THINGS

By ROBERT B. MARTIN

HAVING READ all the glowing reports on Disneyland I decided to pay the place a visit last Sunday with the express purpose in mind of playing up the seamer side of things. To my dismay, I came home without gathering more than an item or two on the seamy side... so all grouches might as well stop reading from here on.

Servoage could walk into Disneyland feeling his usual lousy self and come out on a pink cloud. Broke... but on a pink cloud nevertheless. Yeah, it costs to catch the glow. But it's worth it, don't get me wrong! "Frontiersland's" the place for all your frustrated bookworms. Be sure to ride the stage... not in side, like the squares, but on top. My wife rode shotgun. She's good at that.

And in "Adventureland" take the riverboat. Buy a pith helmet at one of the stands and you can spend a day there feeling like a real Horn.

"Fantasyland" takes the most money because of the rides, and you can hardly resist going on some. The trip through the old mine where the seven dwarfs are working is packed with excitement, as is "Mr. Todd's Wild Ride." The spin on a real carousel is long... and enjoyable.

"Tomorrowland" is quite eye-catching. There's a section of Tomorrowland devoted entirely to the production of "The Lady and the Tramp." This moving picture concerns a well-kept cooker spaniel who is enticed into the outdoor world by a tramp dog.

Just a few of you readers may recall my own little story along these lines some years ago... when our cooker spaniel, "Penny," fell in love with a gay dog-of-the-world and followed the garbage can route with him to an end that was crowned by a litter of pups.

People from here to New York said the idea was too fantastic to put in book or magazine form... too bad I'd never thought of a fellow named Walt Disney!

"Tomorrowland" also has a beautiful "Trans-World Airlines rocket" that "takes" you to the moon. Pretty hostesses and a very impressive interior. Now... if they'd fasten you down with trick bolts that lighten as the rocket "turns," the sensation would be a lot more believable.

JUST ONE somber note: I didn't see churches in any of the Disneyland communities. I'm certain that people would attend a service on Sunday before going on to see Disney's wonderful creations.

I like "Main Street, U.S.A." the best. Husbands are advised to steer their wives clear of this area as there are so many pretty things to buy that women fall into some sort of hypnotic trance, go into a frenzy... and you end up

next day with a dump truck parking in front of your house... all loaded down with things marked C.O.D.

THERE'S AN ARCADE in "Main Street, U.S.A." that has old-time hand-operated movie machines, a shooting gallery, games of skill, punching bags and one of those electric machines... you know, put in a penny and grip the handles. Then draw the handles away from each other to see how much electricity you can take. Never fails to draw a crowd... as I soon discovered.

In went the penny, out went the handles and there I was in the ecstatic throes of being electrocuted. Tempted to release the handles, I noticed the crowd egging me on. Not one to give up before mob pressure, I gritted my teeth and hung on... pushed the handles out a little more. The crowd cheered. I went for a little more current. My bows sizzled and the muscles in my arms bulged out... like two peas in a pod.

Well... just before I began glowing like a neon tube my wife bustled it up. Boy was I sore. How could she make me disappoint a crowd like that? Gathering my smoking rags about me, I walked off in high dignity like a well-done piece of bacon.

Yes, Disneyland's terrific and worth seeing again and again... something else that one man's given to a world that can use its myriad joys and excitement.

## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Caskie Stinnett, of Holiday Magazine, is always an excellent source of column material, to wit, viz and i.e. Why does a modern model insist on giving us the impression that her feet grew on backwards? If she wants to look in the other direction, why doesn't she just turn around instead of planting her feet firmly and then twisting her unfortunate veretbra until the nervous observer bites his lips and turns away to avoid the gruesome results? Then, Caskie tells about a strip-tease named Cleo Durocher; a Russia cafe offending its patrons. Tea and Symphony; a roadside eatery labeled Winchies' Wunch Woom; and a new song titled: "I'll Never Forget What's Her Name." Caskie continues: about disgruntled persons, wishing they were granted; Sam Goldwyn's comment after a nearly fatal illness: "I felt like I was standing on the brink of an abcess."

I remember the good old days when I used to embarrass so easily. My wife made it a habit to scream at our dog: "Get out of this house this very minute and don't ever let me see your homely face around here again." Inevitably, at least six of our neighbors would just have to be passing the house at that very moment and it wasn't easy or convenient to run out and explain to them that my wife wasn't talking to me, but had just caught our pooch unloading four huge paws of slimy mud right after she had washed the kitchen floor. Finally, I outgrew those days but I now face another monstrosity because Betty Brown Eyes has been talking back to our television set. Lately, she has been yelling back at low-down flicker villains: "Why, you mean selfish, good-for-nothing stinker," and at TV pitchmen, who evidence a flair for endless commercials: "Why don't you shut your big fat mouth so I can enjoy the picture!" This sort of thing has me running continuously for the window with a prayer on my lips that nobody in the neighborhood is passing at the time.

I think I'll sponsor a girl basketball team. I'll fifth each girl's phone number on the back of her jersey. That ought to bring out the boys... Know how a woman feels after buying a new hat? The same way you feel, mister, after downing three straight double-shots of bourbon... Ever notice that a woman never takes another woman's advice about her dress? You wouldn't expect a lady to ask the enemy how to win the war... Will Rogers said it better than I could, that every time a woman leaves off something, he looks worse... It's always comforting to hear the patter of little feet around the house. When you don't hear it, the kids are up to something!

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